There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother *Nurse*?
Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tibalts* corse,
Will you goe to them: I will bring you thither.
Iu. Wash they his wounds with teares: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment.
Take vp those cords, poore ropes you are beguild,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widdowed.
Come cord, come *Nurse*, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden-head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be heare at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier *and* Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamord of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes? What is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar.
Is my deare Sonne with such sowre companie?
I bring thee tydings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What lesse then Doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Ro. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, doe not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and w
Ro. There is no world without *Vero*
But purgatory, torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is banisht from the wo
And worlds exile is death. Then banish
Is death misterm'd, calling death ban
Thou cutst my head off with a golden A
And smilest vpon the stroke that murde
Fri. O deadly sinne, O rude vnthank
Thy fault our Law cals death, but the k
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the La
And turn'd that blacke word death to b
This is deare mercie, and thou seest it n
Ro. 'Tis torture and not mercie, Hea
Where *Iuliet* liues and euery Cat and D
And little Mouse, euery vnworthy thin
Liue here in Heauen and may looke on
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship
In carrion flyes, then *Romeo:* they may se
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* h
And steale immortall blessing from her
Who euen in pure and Vestall modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisse
This may flyes doe, when I from this m
And sayst thou yet, that exile is not dea
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished,
Flyes may doe this, but I from this mus
They are freemen, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poyson mixt no sharpe g
No sudden meane of death, though ner
But banished to kill me: Banished?
O Fryer, the damned vse that word in h
Howling attends it, how hast thou the
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne Obsoluer, and my Friend profe
To mangle me with that word banished

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)